

THE  
*Cheerful Companion,*

OR,  
VOCAL ASSISTANT:

BEING SUCH A  
VALUABLE COLLECTION  
OF  
NEW SONGS,

AS have never appeared in any previous  
PUBLICATION of this Kind.

INCLUDING  
SELECTIONS  
FROM

All the favorite New Comic Operas, Farces,  
Pantomimes, Burllettas, &c. &c. carefully  
compiled.

TOGETHER WITH  
THE MOST ADMIRABLE AIRS, &c.

PERFORMED AT  
VAUXHALL, RANELAGH,

AND OTHER PLACES OF

*Public Amusement.*

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89

# I N D E X.

A.		Hope, thou nurse	26
<b>A</b> bumper of good liquor	27	How blest, my fair	77
<b>A</b> mercer I am	1	How happy's the man	34
<b>A</b> rose-tree	11	How happy the soldier	10
<b>A</b> burns the charger	6	How happy the woman	3
<b>A</b> soldier I am for a lady	74	How impartial our art is	48
<b>A</b> widow bewitch'd	58	How sweet in the	
<b>A</b> woman's like a ship	35	woodlands	26
<b>A</b> youth adorn'd	39	I.	
B.		If you can tell, ye mu-	
Behold the god Bacchus	60	ies, say	17
C.		I'll never go abroad again	19
Come, come, my good		mend pottles and cans	5
shepherds	69	In gaudy courts with	
Come jolly Bacchus	62	aching hearts	77
D		In green and shade	5
Dear Kathleen you no		In infancy	16
doubt	7	In my pleasant native	
Dear sir, this brown jug	13	plains	54
Deserve her you love	33	In summer when the	
E.		leaves were green	50
Each mortal tasting first	61	I've kill'd & 've prattl'd	76
Each pretty young m f	32	I.	
'Ere bright Rosina met		Let matters of state	66
my eyes	75	Love's a gentle	29
F.		M.	
Fine ladies with an art-		My bottle is my wife	28
ful grace	51	O.	
For me, my fair	72	Of the states in life	62
From flow'r to flow'r	36	Oh! let me, unreserv'd	
From tyrant laws	49	declare	22
G.		Oh, never be one of	
Grant me, ye Gods,	57	those sad silly fellows	52
H.		Old England, to thyself	
He whose open soul	33	be true	20
Hear me, blooming		P.	
goddess, hear me	20	Physicians may talk	24
		S.	

# I N D E X.

<b>S.</b>		This is a Petit-maitre's	
See the conqu'ring hero	39	day	52
Should the rude hand	68	Tho' fortune cloud	68
Silence! take notice,		Tho' Leixlip is proud	12
you are my son,	56	Tho' my drels	35
Since Kathleen has prov'd	14	Tho' my features	37
Since Love is the plan	9	'Tis not that I am more	70
Sleep on, sleep on,	7	To keep my gentle Jesse	65
Social pow'rs at Plea-		W.	
sures call	74	Water parted from	17
Suppose to a ninny	60	We have fought	42
Sweet Phillis, well met	66	Welcome Linco	18
Sweet Pol of Plymouth	42	What beames does	21
<b>T.</b>		What is a Poet, Sir?	48
Talk not to me of pe-		What shall I do?	31
dant rules	29	When a lover's in	2
The busy crew	63	When bidden to the wake	75
The drum is unbrac'd	22	When Britain first	40
The little birds as well		When first my dear	
as you	50	laddie	16
The meadows look		When O'er first	25
cheerful	10	When the rosy morn	15
The moment Aurora	64	Whilst happy in my	
Then here's to thee Tom	73	native Land	44
The peasant tastes	38	Why should I now	38
There is a chambermaid	2	Without affection	26
The signal to engage	31	Y.	
The spectre, Death	28	Ye mortals whom fancies	63
The Spring with smil-		Ye nymphs of the plain	23
ing face is seen	13	Ye woods and ye	
The stag thro' the forest	6	mountains	40
The Tobacco-Box	46	You ask what charm	71
The topsails shiver	45	You know I'm your	
The trump of Fame	4	Priest	14
The twins of Latona	8	Young I am	43
This bottle's the sun	27	Young Lubin was	54
This cold flinty heart	70	<b>A NEW MEDLEY</b>	78





T H E  
*Cheerful Companion.*

---

S O N G I.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the New Comedy of  
TWO TO ONE.

**A** MERCER I am in a very good stile,  
Neat and pretty, by jingo !

I bow and imirk,

I noddle and jerk,

Then prink up and perk;

And simper and smile ;

With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo,

Lord, I'm quite the thing !

With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !

At Bagnigge Wells sometimes I slip too,

At Islington sup good stingo !

I shut up my shop,

Then dance at a hop,

He ! he ! he ! he ! he !

With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo,

A'n't I quite the thing ?

With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo.

B

SONG

## S O N G II.

By Mr. Wilson, in Two to One.

**W**HEN a lover's in the wind,  
 Tho' Miss is coy, we always find  
 At last she turns out wond'rous kind,  
 Nor thinks a man so shocking;  
 A woman's frowns are but a jest,  
 She's angry only to be prest,  
 And then she grants her friend's request,  
 To let them throw the stocking.  
 While pudding sleeves unite their hands,  
 And fetters both in marriage bands,  
 John grins, and Molly foolish stands,  
 To see the neighbours flocking;  
 But after supper, John is led,  
 With love and liquor in his head,  
 Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,  
 Then hey, to throw the stocking!  
 The night soon past, the morning come,  
 The couple looking queer and rum,  
 He says but little, she is dumb,  
 The chamber door unlocking,  
 But Molly, who was once so coy,  
 No longer now conceals her joy;  
 She vows all day---for her dear boy,  
 She'd trudge without a stocking!

## S O N G III.

By Mr. Davies, in Two to One.

**T**HERE is a chambermaid lives in the south,  
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay,  
 so handy—o!

Her

Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little  
mouth

Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o !

Never could I clasp the waist of Sukey, Sal  
or Peg,

Their arms so red, their ugly legs so  
bandy—o !

But slim and taper is the waist ; the neat and  
pretty leg

Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o !

Tippet of the south, if she gives me but a smile,  
Cheers cockles of my skipping heart like  
brandy—o !

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one  
beguile,

But take her altogether, she's the dandy—o !

Each part, each limb, each look would any one  
beguile,

And Tippet's little total is the dandy—o !

#### S O N G IV.

By Miss George, in Two to One.

**H**OW happy the woman, whose charms  
Gain sweethearts stuck all of a row !  
That if one should desert from her arms,  
She still has two strings to her bow.

Should Thomas prove false, could he rob  
My heart of its quiet ? O no !

For if Thomas is gone, there is Bob ;  
I still have two strings to my bow.

outh,  
gay,

Her

Then 'tis not so common a thing  
 Can vex me, I'd have you to know!  
 Since I have two beaux to my string,  
 As well as two strings to my bow.

## S O N G V.

THE Oh, ho, ho!

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Robin Hood, or  
 Sherwood-Forest, a New Comic Opera.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,  
 His praise is sounded far and near;  
 Stout Little John, with laurel wreath'd,  
 Has reach'd each dame and damsel's ear;  
 But 'tis not you--bold Robin Hood,  
 I come to seek with bended bow;

That man of might,  
 I fain would fight,  
 And conquer with my--Oh, ho, ho!

Through frost and snow,  
 The cold winds blow,  
 I never fail,  
 In rain or hail,  
 Though thunders roll  
 From pole to pole,

To conquer with my--Oh, ho, ho!

With bended bow,  
 The buck or doe,  
 I never fail,  
 Through rain or hail,  
 Though thunders roll  
 From pole to pole,

To conquer with my--Oh, ho, ho!

G L E E.

## G L E E, in Robin Hood.

In greenwood shade, or winding dell,  
 We merry maids and archers dwell;  
 In quiet, free from worldly strife,  
 We pass a chearful rural life,  
 And by the moon's pale quiv'ring beams,  
 We frisk it near the chrystal streams.  
 Our station's near the king's highway,  
 We rob the rich, the poor to pay;  
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect,  
 The widow---orphan---ne'er neglect---  
 Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand,  
 And whistle for our steady band.

## S O N G VI.

By Mr. Edwin, in Robin Hood.

**I** MEND pottles and cans,  
 Hoop jugs, patch kettles and pans,  
 And o'er the country trudge it---  
 I sing without measure,  
 Nor fear loss of treasure,  
 And carry my all in my budget.  
 Here under the green leav'd bushes,  
 O how we'll firk it,  
 Caper and jerk it,  
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.  
 I'm not plagu'd with a wife,  
 Live free from contest and strife,  
 Blow high, blow low---Ruttekkin ne'er will  
 mind it---

B 3

I eat



I eat when I'm hungry,  
 Drink when I'm dry,  
 Join pleasure wherever I find it.  
 Here under the greenwood bushes,  
 O how we'll ferk it,  
 Caper and jerk it,  
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

## D U E T,

By Mr. Bannister and Mr. Johnstone, in Ditto.

**T**HE stag through the forest, when rous'd  
 by the horn,  
 Sore frighted, high bounding, flies wretched  
 forlorn;  
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds  
 now in view,  
 Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager  
 pursue.  
 But scaping the hunters again through the  
 groves,  
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves;  
 Not so in his soul who from tyrant love flies;  
 The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

## S O N G VII.

By Mr. Bannister, in Robin Hood.

**A**S burns the charger when he hears  
 the trumpet's martial sound:  
 Eager to scour the field he rears,  
 And spurns th'indented ground---  
 He snuffs the air---erects his flowing mane,  
 Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.  
 Im-

Impatient thus, my ardent soul  
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,  
 And spurns the moments as they roll  
 With lagging pace behind. Da Capo.

## S O N G VIII.

By Mr. Johnstone, in the New Comic Opera  
 of the POOR SOLDIER.

**S**LEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,  
 May peace possess thy breast;  
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,  
 Deprived of peace and rest.  
 The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,  
 Those joys are none to me:  
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes  
 To none but love and thee.

## S O N G IX.

By Mr. Edwin, in the Poor Soldier,

**D**EAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,  
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;  
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,  
 You never dream how late 'tis,  
 This morning gay,  
 I post away,  
 To have with you a bit of play;  
 On tw legs I  
 Along, to bid  
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last

Last night, a little bowfy  
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,  
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy  
 To let me sit beside her.  
     Her anger rose,  
     And four as floes,  
 The little gypsey cock'd her nose;  
     Yet here I've rid  
     Along, to bid  
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

## S O N G    X.

By Mr. Bannister, in the Poor Soldier.

**T**HE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,  
     Arise to partake of the chase;  
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
     And a smile to the smiles of her face.  
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of  
     Love  
     With myrtles my brows shall adorn,  
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in  
     the grove,  
     Excell'd by the sound of the horn.  
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,  
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:  
 Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,  
 But Love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The

The flag from his chamber of woodbine peeps  
out,

His sentence he hears in the gale;  
Yet flies, till entangl'd in fear and doubt,  
His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,  
Despair taking place of his fear;

With aniler's erected, a-while stands at bay,  
Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

# SONG XI.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the Poor Soldier.

SINCE Love is the plan,  
I'll love if I can,

Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a man:  
In address how compleat,

And in dress spruce and neat,

No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;

Nor dull nor too witty,

His eyes I'll think pretty,

If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

In a song bear a bob,

In a glass a hob-nob,

Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;

Tho' gentle he be,

His man he shall see,

Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.

This, this is my fancy,

If such a man I can see,

I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'll be free.

SONG

## S O N G XII.

By Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

**H**OW happy the Soldier, who lives on his  
pay,

And spends half a crown out of sixpence a-day,  
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,  
But pays all his debts with the rowl of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His king finds him quarters, and money, and  
clothes :

He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the rowl of the drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,  
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight.  
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

## S O N G XIII.

By Mrs. Bannister, in the Poor Soldier.

**T**HE meadows look chearful,  
The birds sweetly sing ;

So gaily they carol  
The praises of Spring.

Though Nature rejoices,  
Poor Norah must mourn  
Until her dear Patrick  
Again shall return.



Ye ladies of Dublin,  
 Oh! hide your gay charms;  
 Nor lure my dear Patrick  
 From Norah's fond arms.  
 Your fattens and ribbands  
 And laces are fine;  
 But they hide not a heart  
 With such feelings as mine.

## D U E T.

By Mrs. Kennedy, and Mrs. Bannister.

Patrick. **A** Rose-tree full in bearing,  
 Had sweet flowers fair to see;  
 One rose beyond comparing,  
 For beauty, attracted me.  
 Tho' eager then to win it,  
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,  
 I find a canker in it,  
 And now throw it far away.

Norah. How fine this morning early,  
 All sun-shiny, clear and bright!  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Tho' lost now each fond delight,  
 The clouds seem big with showers,  
 Sunny beams no more are seen;  
 Farewel, ye fleeting hours,  
 Your falsehood has chang'd the  
 scene.

Duett. How fine, &c.

SONG

## S O N G    X I V .

By Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

**T**H O' Leixlip is proud of its close shady  
bowers,

Its clear falling waters, and murm'ring  
cascades,

Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,

Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty  
maids ;

As each his own village must still make the  
most of,

In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong ;

Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may  
boast of ;

'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice  
boots on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh or  
Kildare ;

Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new  
suits on,

Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their  
nice powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean, humble  
station,

For gold or for acres he never shall long ;

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a  
nation,

From Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my  
song.

## SONG XV.

By Mr. Bannister, in the Poor Soldier.

**T**HE Spring with smiling face is seen,  
 To usher in the May;  
 And Nature clad in mantle green,  
 All sprig'd with flow'rets gay:  
 The feather'd songsters of the grove,  
 Then join in harmony and love.  
 The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,  
 Low builds her humble nest;  
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,  
 Is sure supremely blest.  
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,  
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

## SONG XVI.

By Mr. Johnstone, in the Poor Soldier.

**D**EAR Sir, this brown jug, that now foams  
 with mild ale,  
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of  
 the vale,  
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,  
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
 In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,  
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.  
 His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And Time into clay had resolved it again,  
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
 And with part of old Toby he form'd this  
 brown jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

## S O N G   XVII.

By Mr. Wilton, in the Poor Soldier.

**Y**OU know I'm your Priest, and your  
conscience is mine ;

But if you grow wicked it's not a good sign,  
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.  
Sing Ballynamono Oro,  
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,  
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as  
snow ;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I open my book.  
Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,  
She blushes at Love, and she whispers, Obey.  
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,  
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.  
Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

## S O N G   XVIII.

By Mr. Edwin, in the Poor Soldier.

**S**INCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,  
Poor Darby ! ah, what can you do ?  
No longer I'll stay here a clown,  
But sell off, and gallop to town :  
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,  
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash ;  
 But how for to compass the cash.  
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;  
 With cards I can take the flats in,  
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;  
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,  
 A duel establish my fame ;  
 To my man then a challenge I'll write ;  
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight.  
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,  
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a  
 ball.

### T R I O,

By William, Phœbe, and Rosina, in the  
 Musical Entertainment of ROSINA.

**W**HEN the rosy morn appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.  
 Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.  
 See, content, the humble gleaner,  
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall !  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly, bounteous, cares for all.



## D U E T.

By Peggy and Patie, in the Gentle Shepherd.

Peggy. **W**HEN first my dear laddie  
gade to the green hill,  
And I at ewe-milking first try'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk-bowle nae pain was to me,  
When I to the fauld the herd gather'd wi' thee.

Patie. When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and  
blue hether bells  
Bloom'd bonny on Moreland and sweet rising  
fells,  
Nae birns, briers or brackens gave trouble to me,  
If I found that the berries were ripen'd for thee.

Both. How fondly can lovers trust all they  
desire,  
The praise that's so gentle increases love's fire ;  
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be  
To make myself better, and worthy of thee.

## S O N G    X I X .

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Artaxerxes.

**I**N infancy, our hopes and fears  
Were to each other known ;  
And friendship, in our riper years,  
Has twin'd our hearts in one.

Oh, clear him, then, from this offence,  
Thy love, thy duty prove ;  
Restore him, with that innocence  
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G

## S O N G    X X .

By Signora Sestini, in Artaxerxes:

**W**A T E R parted from the sea,  
 May increase a river's tide ;  
 To the bubbling fount may flee,  
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide :

Yet in search of lost repose,  
 Doom'd like me, forlorn to roam,  
 Still it murmurs as it flows,  
 Till it reach its native home.

## S O N G    X X I .

Tune——'In Infancy,' &amp;c.

**I**F you can tell, ye muses say,  
 Where dwells the lovely maid,  
 That blossom'd in the pride of May,  
 Near yonder myrtle shade ?  
 Direct me where the fair to find,  
 Ye bright celestial powers ;  
 O bring me where, with peace resign'd,  
 She blooms amid the flowers.

In vain I search the groves around,  
 And every sylvan scene ;  
 Among the woods she is not found,  
 Nor wanders o'er the green.  
 O come then, fair-one, to my breast,  
 And every pain remove ;  
 Within these arms be ever blest  
 With constancy and love.

First Chorus, and Concluding Air, in  
**LINCO's TRAVELS**, an Interlude. Sung  
 by Mr. Dodd, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Chorus of **SHEPHERDS**.

**W**ELCOME Linco, welcome home,  
 Welcome Linco, welcome home.  
 Welcome, &c.

**L I N C O.**

Happy am I that I'm come,  
 Happy, happy that I'm come.  
 Though I've been in countries rare,  
 Seen such sights would make you stare——

**C H O R U S.**

Happy are we that you're come,  
 Happy are we that you're come.  
 Tell us, tell us——

**L I N C O.**

Give me air,

**C H O R U S.**

Tell us, tell us——

**L I N C O.**

Give me air

To blow my bellows.——

**C H O R U S.**

Tell us, tell us——

**L I N C O.**

Give me air,

**C H O R U S.**

Tell us, tell us——

**L I N C O.**

A moment spare,

**C H O R U S.**

Make your neighbours some amends,  
 Make your neighbours some amends.

**L I N C O.**

Never, never more I'll wander,  
 Simple, simple, silly gander,  
 From my flock and cackling friends,  
 From my flock and cackling friends.

D:Cl

**L I N C O.**

## L I N C O.

I'LL never go abroad again,  
 Nor ever will I roam;  
 For he has but a flimsy brain,  
 Who wanders far from home.

See nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who run the nation o'er;  
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they  
 Much wiser than before.  
 Tho' pert, &c.

Contented here I'll pass my life,  
 For roving's but a curse;  
 I'll take my country, as my wife,  
 For better and for worse.

See nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who run the nation o'er;  
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they  
 Much wiser than before.  
 Tho' pert, &c.

( Addressing the Audience. )

While I can see such sights as these,  
 And such a harvest bring;  
 And while I can my betters please,  
 For ever will I sing,

That nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who hale abroad to roam,  
 Among mankind will never find  
 That worth they leave at home.

Among, &c.  
 SONG

## S O N G XXII.

By Mr. Williames, in Harlequin Junior.  
Scene before Gibraltar Fort.

**O**LD England to thyself be true,  
Firm as this rock thy fame shall stand;  
The sword that Elliot, Curtis drew,  
Be never wanted thro' the land:  
Join then this prayer, our foes shall rue,  
Let England to itself be true.

Join then, &c.

Tho' foes on foes contending throng,  
And dreadful havock threaten round,  
Thy flaming bolts shall whirl along,  
Throughout the world thy thunder's found:  
Nought then on earth shall make us rue,  
Let England to herself be true.

Nought then, &c.

What tho' no grand alliance share,  
Each warlike, envy'd deed of thine;  
'Tis doubly glorious thus to dare  
Against the world in arms to shine.  
Nought then shall make Britannia rue,  
Let Britons to themselves be true.

Nought then, &c.

## S O N G XXIII

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the ROSE.

**H**EAR me! blooming goddess, hear me,  
Queen of smiles and soft desire;  
Send the beauty to endear me,  
Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh!



Oh ! how sweet the mild dominion  
 Of the charmer we approve ;  
 Honour clips the wanton pinion,  
 And we're willing slaves to Love.

## S O N G XXIV.

Sung by Thyrsis, in the Musical Entertain-  
 ment of the SHEPHERD's LOTTERY.

**W**HAT beauties does my nymph disclose !

Less fair the silver lilly blows :  
 Such blushes glow not on the rose,  
 As on the cheeks of Phillis.

The other day upon the green,  
 I saw a nymph of heavenly mien ;  
 I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,  
 But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,  
 Where fragrant woodbines curl'd around,  
 And daisies dapple o'er the ground,

I sit and murmur, Phillis :  
 And when the lark with dewy wings,  
 To hail the morn exulting springs,  
 I rise and tune the trembling strings,  
 To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,  
 I gaz'd enraptur'd and dismay'd ;  
 My salt'ring tongue was quite afraid

To tell my pangs to Phillis :  
 Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart ;  
 At once I felt the pleasing smart ;  
 That very hour I lost my heart,  
 And now it dwells with Phillis.

S O N G

## SONG XXV.

By Phillis, in the Shepherd's Lottery.

**O**H, let me, unreserv'd declare  
The dictate of my breast ;  
My Thyrsis reigns unrivall'd there,  
An ever-welcome guest.

No more our sprightly nymphs I meet,  
But seek the lonely grove ;  
There, sighing to myself, repeat  
Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight,  
He is my constant theme ;  
His shadowy form appears by night,  
And shapes the morning dream.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,  
Deem not my words too free ;  
For ere my passion you arraign,  
You must have lov'd like me.

## SONG XXVI.

By Colin, in the Shepherd's Lottery.

**T**HE drum is unbrac'd, and the trumpet no  
more  
Shall rouse the fierce soldier to fight ;  
Our meads shall no longer be floated with gore,  
Nor terror disturb the calm night.  
Once more o'er the fields golden harvests shall  
shine,  
The olive her flow'rets increase ;  
Again purple clusters shall blush on the vine ;  
These, these are the blessings of peace.

The

The shepherd securely now roams thro' the  
 glade,  
 Or merrily pipes in the vale ;  
 The youth in soft numbers attempts his coy  
 maid ;  
 The virgins dance blithe in the dale.  
 The flow'rs with gay colours embroider the  
 ground,  
 Unpress'd by an enemy's feet ;  
 The bleatings of sheep from the hillocks  
 resound,  
 And the birds their trim sonnets repeat.

S O N G XXVII.

By Phillis, in the Shepherd's Lottery.

**Y**E nymphs of the plain, who once saw  
 me so gay,  
 You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day,  
 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray ;  
 Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.  
 The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this  
 cheek ;  
 My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce  
 speak ;  
 My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break :  
 Then crown your poor Phillis with willow :  
 Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,  
 And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe,  
 Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear ;  
 Then strew all the place round with willow.

Ereft

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,  
 " Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was  
 deny'd;  
 " She strove to endure it, but could not, and  
 dy'd :"  
 Then shade it with cypress and willow.

## S O N G XXVIII.

By Mr. Chapman, in Too Civil by Half.

**P**HYSICIANS may talk of our ills,  
 And parsons look wonderous grave;  
 I hate all their sermons and pills,  
 Design'd for the fool and the knave.

Chorus. Let each take his glass,  
 Fill'd up to the Brim,  
 And drink the dear lass,  
 Intended for him.

For never did Bacchus of old  
 Repent of his quaffing good wine,  
 Nor Momus (for so we are told)  
 At mirth or good humour repine.

Chorus. Let each, &c.

Let souls the best liquor decline,  
 And think they're undone if they taste;  
 While we, my boys, live on good wine,  
 And think we are damn'd if we waste.

Chorus. Let each, &c.

## SONG XLV.

By Hobbinol, in the Capricious Lovers.

**T**H O' my features, I'm told,  
Are grown wrinkl'd and old,  
Dull wisdom I hate and detest;  
Not a wrinkle is there  
Which is furrow'd by care,  
And my heart is as light as the best.  
When I look on my boys,  
They renew my past joys;  
Myself in my children I see;  
While the comforts I find  
In the kingdom my mind,  
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,  
Oh! I caper'd and sung,  
The lasses came flocking apace;  
But now turn'd of threescore,  
I can do so no more,  
Why then let my boy take my place.  
Of our pleasures we crack,  
For we still love the smack,  
And chuckle o'er what we have been;  
Yet why should we repine,  
You've had your's, I've had mine,  
And now let our children begin.



## S O N G XLVI.

By Colin, in the Capricious Lovers.

**W**HY should I now, my love, complain,  
That toil awaits thy chearful swain;  
Since labour oft' a sweet bestows,  
Which lazy splendor never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,  
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;  
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,  
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show,  
Are trappings oft' to cover woe;  
But we, whose wishes never roam,  
Shall taste of real joys at home.

## A I R,

By Joseph, in the Oratorio of that Name.

**T**HE peasant tastes the sweets of life,  
Unwounded by its cares;  
No courtly craft, no public strife  
His humble soul insnares.

But grandeur's bulky noisy joys  
No true contentment give;  
Whilst fancy craves, possession cloy,  
We die whilst thus we live.

C H O.

## CHORUSSES in JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

Youths. SEE the conqu'ring hero comes,  
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;  
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,  
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

Virgins. See the godlike youth advance,  
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;  
 Myrtles wreathe, and roses twine,  
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

## S O N G XLVII.

By Mrs. Scott, in ALFRED, a Masque.

A YOUTH adorn'd with every art,  
 To warm and win the coldest heart,  
 In secret mine possist:  
 The morning bud that fairest blows,  
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,  
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
 Soft as the sighings of the gale  
 That wakes the flowery year.  
 What wonder he could charm with ease!  
 Whom happy nature form'd to please,  
 Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me---fought and fell---  
 The fatal evening heard his knell,  
 And saw the tears I shed:  
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;  
 For ah! no sighs the past recal,  
 No cries awake the dead!

## SONG XLVIII.

By Mrs. Hunt, in Alfred.

**Y**E woods and ye mountains unknown,  
 Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,  
 To the breast of my charmer alone  
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.  
 Wherever he pensively leans,  
 By fountain, or hill, or in grove,  
 His heart will explain what she means,  
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,  
 O wast the sad sound to his ear !  
 And say, tho' divided so long,  
 The friend of his bosom is near.  
 Then tell him what years of delight,  
 Then tell him what ages of pain,  
 I felt while I liv'd in his sight !  
 I feel till I see him again.

## SONG XLIX.

By Mr. Vernon, &amp;c. in Alfred.

**W**HEN Britain first at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main ;  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain :

Rule Britannia, rule the waves :  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule, &c.

Should war, should faction shake thy isle,  
 And sink to poverty and shame;  
 Heaven still shall on Britannia smile,  
 Restore her wealth and raise her name.  
 Rule, &c.

As the loud blast, that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak;  
 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 From foreign, from domestic stroke.  
 Rule, &c.

How blest'd the prince reserv'd by fate,  
 In adverse days to mount thy throne!  
 Renew thy once triumphant state,  
 And on thy grandeur build his own!  
 Rule, &c.

His race shall long, in times to come,  
 So Heaven ordains, thy sceptre wield;  
 Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,  
 And be, at once, thy sword and shield.  
 Rule, &c.

The

## SONG L.

By two Voices, in Alfred.

1st. **WE** have fought, we have conquer'd;  
 and England once more  
 Shall flourish in fame, as she flourish'd before.  
 Our fears are all fled, with our enemies slain:  
 Could they rise up anew——

2d. We would slay them again,  
 His monarch to serve, or to do himself right,  
 No Englishman yet ever flinch'd from the fight.  
 For why, neighbours all, we're as free as the king:  
 'Tis this makes us brave,——

1st. And 'tis this makes us sing.  
 Our prince too for this will be thankful to fate;  
 It is, in our freedom, he finds himself great!  
 No force can be wanting nor meaner court-arts:  
 He is master of all——

2d. Who will reign in our hearts!  
 Should rebels within, or should foes from without  
 Bring the crown on his head, or his honour in  
 doubt,  
 We are ready——

1st. Still ready, and boldly foretel,  
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell!

## SONG LI.

By Mr. Brett, in the Positive Man.

**SWEET** Pol of Plymouth was my dear;  
 When forc'd from her to go,  
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear;  
 'y heart was fraught with woe.

Our



Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,  
And left the land behind ;

Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between  
Lay the ocean wide ;

For five long years I had not seen  
My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,  
All for my True-love's sake ;

But press'd, as homeward we were bound,  
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,  
To let me once on shore ;

I long'd to see my Pol again ;  
But saw my Pol no more.

And have they torn my love away ?  
And is he gone ? she cry'd ;

My Pol, the sweetest flower of May,  
Then languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

### SONG III.

Youth and Simplicity.

**Y**OUNG I am, and yet unskill'd,  
How to make a lover yield ;

How to keep, or how to gain,

When to love, and when to feign :

Take me, take me, some of you,

While I yet am young and true ;

Ere I can my soul disguise,

Heave my breast, heave my breast, and roll  
my eyes ;

Our

Stay

Stay not till I learn the way,  
 How to lie, and to betray;  
 He that loves me first is blest,  
 For I may deceive the rest;  
 Could I find a blooming youth,  
 Full of love, and full of truth;  
 Brisk, and of a jantee mien,  
 I should long, I should long to be fifteen.

## S O N G LIII.

By Mr. Bannister, in the ELECTION.

**W**HILST, happy in my native land,  
 I boast my country's charter,  
 I'll never basely lend my hand,  
 Her liberties to barter.  
 The noble mind is not at all  
 By poverty degraded;  
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,  
 And well I am persuaded,  
 Each free-born Briton's song should be,  
 "Or give me Death or Liberty,  
 "Or give, &c."

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
 And few the gifts she sends us,  
 The lordly hireling often wants  
 That Freedom which defends us.  
 By Laws secur'd from lawless strife,  
 Our house is our castellum;  
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,  
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?  
 No! ——— Ev'ry Briton's song shall be,  
 "Or give, &c. &c."

S O N G

## S O N G    L I V.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

**T**H E topfails shiver in the wind,  
       The ship she casts to sea,  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
       Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;  
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter, when we're sail'd,  
       O doubt their artful tales,  
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
       If love breath'd constant gales;  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,  
       More fell than rocks or waves;  
 But such as grace the British fleet,  
       Are lovers and not slaves.  
 No foe our courage can subdue,  
 Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,  
       We'll scorn the dashing main,  
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
       Till we return again.  
 Now England's glory rests with you,  
 Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

The

The TOBACCO-BOX; or the SOLDIER'S  
 PLEDGE OF LOVE. A Musical Interlude.  
 By Mr. Brett and Miss Morris.

THOMAS.

**T**HO' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,  
 Let's not lose our prattle now, my charming  
 Kate;

Till the hour of glory, love should now take place,  
 Nor damp the joys before you with a future case.

KATE.

Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true,  
 Be but to your Kate as Kate is still to you;  
 Glory will attend you, still will make us blest,  
 With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possess'd.

THOMAS.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,  
 Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;  
 Anxious still about thee thou art all I prize,  
 Never, Kate, without thee will I bung these eyes.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,  
 Nor think I will leave thy side the whole cam-  
 paign,  
 But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold,  
 May'st thou share the victory, may'st thou  
 share the gold.

THOMAS.

If by some bold action I the halbert bear,  
 Think what satisfaction when my rank you share;  
 Drest like any lady far from top to toe,  
 Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

K A T E.

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,  
 Clean linen shall be ready always for my love ;  
 Never more will Kate the Captain's laundress be,  
 I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

T H O M A S.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a soldier's all.  
 If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd  
 to fall ;

When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and  
 prove,

Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

K A T E.

Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'st all to me,  
 Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see ;  
 In the hour of danger, let me always stand ;  
 I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

T H O M A S.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling  
 tear,

Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear ;  
 But may heav'n befriend us—hark the drums  
 command,

Honour, I obey you. Love, I kiss your hand.

K A T E.

\* I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain,  
 But must own, 'tis trying hard the point to gain.  
 May good heav'n's defend thee : Conquest on  
 thee wait.

One kiss more, and then I'll give thee up to fate.

\* Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says, " Con-  
 quest on me wait ;" and " Yield myself to fate."

S O N G



## SONG LV.

By Mr. Edwin, in the FEMALE DRAMATIST.  
Tune—I went to Abingdon.

**W**HAT is a Poet, Sir? you, Sir? no, Sir--  
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know--  
Constantly writing, Sir,  
And his nails biting, Sir,  
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

Now in the garret, Sir---high Sir---high Sir,  
Now in the cellar below;  
Sunshine and vapour, Sir,  
Pen, ink, and paper, Sir,  
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

**H**is pockets to fill, Sir--still, Sir--still, Sir---  
His noddle he empties---O ho!  
Scribbling and scrawling, Sir,  
Starting and bawling, Sir,  
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

## SONG LVI.

By Mr. Wood, in the Female Dramatist.

**H**OW impartial our art is,  
We side with all parties---  
No qualms of the conscience await us;  
For an Author well paid,  
If he's true to the trade,  
*Will stand in utrumque paratus.*

With

With deliberation,  
 We marr reputation;  
 Our muse never squeamish or nice is---  
 We can mend it again  
 With a dash of the pen---  
 There is praise and abuse of all prices.

The rogue to applaud,  
 And make virtue a fraud,  
 For a trifle we always are willing;  
 We n'er run a man down  
 For less than a crown;  
 But give a fly cut for a shilling.

## D U E T.

In the Masque of Comus.

**F**ROM tyrant laws and customs free,  
 We follow sweet variety;  
 By turns we drink, and dance and sing,  
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul  
 Transports of the jovial soul;  
 No dull stinting hours we own,  
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

F

SONG

With

## S O N G    L V I I .

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

**I**N Summer, when the leaves were green,  
and blossoms deck'd each tree,  
Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his art-  
less love to me ;

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and  
there he told his tale—

Oh Patty, softest of thy sex, O let fond love  
prevail !

Ah, well a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and  
despair,

Yet heed me not. then let me die, and end my  
grief and care.—

Ah ! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love  
demands my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth---on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks,

And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and  
play'd such artless pranks ;

But woe is me, the press-gang came, and  
forc'd my Ned away,

Just when he nam'd next morning fair---to  
be our wedding-day.

My love, he cried, they force me hence, but  
still my heart is thine---

All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war  
and toil is mine ;

With

With riches I'll return to thee—I fob'd out  
words of thanks---

And then he vow'd eternal truth---on Shan-  
non's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks,

And then I saw him sail away, and join the  
hostile ranks;

From morn to eve, for twelve dull months  
his absence sad I mourn'd,

The peace was made, the ship came back,  
---but Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face, his manly form, has won  
a nobler fair---

My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in  
sad despair.

Ye gentle madens see me laid, while you  
stand round in ranks,

And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks.

### S O N G   L V I I I .

Sung by Miss Catley, in the Devil to Pay.

**F**INE ladies with an artful grace,  
Disguise each native feature;  
Whilst flatt'ring glasses shew the face,  
As made by Art, not Nature:

But we poor folks in home spun grey,  
By patch nor washes tainted,  
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,  
That still are finely painted.

## S O N G LIX.

By Mrs. Wroughten, in the Comic Opera of  
the CARNIVAL of VENICE.

O I never be one of those sad silly fellows,  
Who always are snappish, suspicious, and  
jealous,  
Who live but to doubt,  
To pine and to pout,  
To take one to task,  
Examine and ask  
A hundred cross questions to pluck something out.  
O! never, &c.

If by chance he should come,  
And not find her home,  
'Tis, "Madam, why so late?  
"Where the devil could you wait?  
"What's been done? What's been said?  
"Zounds! I feel it on my head."  
O! never, &c.

## S O N G LX.

By Mr. Parsons, in the Carnival of Venice.

THIS is a Petit-maitre's day---  
Awake at noon,  
Or scarce so soon,  
See him to his sofa creep,  
Sipping his tea-- half asleep---  
Curse the vapours!  
Reach the papers---  
What's the opera---Dem the play.

As



Air my boots, I think I'll ride---

Tho' rot it, no!

It shakes one so---

Let them bring the vis-a-vis:

Lounging there, his lordship see,

With vacant air,

And sullen stare,

Born of Dullness, rais'd by Pride.

Stop at Betty's---What's the news?

A battle they say---

Have you pines to-day?

Yes, my Lord --We've beat the Dutch;

Ha---some ice---I thought as much:

What, and nothing more?

That's a monstrous bore!

Well, drive to Issachar the Jew's.

Last at Brookes's---deep at play:

Issachar's debt,

At Faro set,

Win or lose, serenely sad,

Calm he sits, nor vex'd nor glad;

'Till half alive,

He cuts at five---

This is a Petit-maitre's day.

## S O N G    LXI.

By Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

**I**N my pleasant native plains,  
     Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;  
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,  
     Simple as the joys I knew;  
 Jocund morn, and evening gay,  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,  
     All that health and joy impart,  
 Call'd for artless music's powers,  
     Faithful echoes to the heart!  
 Happy hours! for ever gay,  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring  
     Wakes the warblers of the grove—  
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,  
     Wou'd not join the song of love?  
 Your sweet notes, and chauntings gay  
 Claim the merry roundelay.

## S O N G    LXII.

By Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

**Y**OUNG Lubin was a shepherd's boy,  
     Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;  
 They met, they lov'd; each other's joy,  
     Together o'er the hills they stray'd.  
Their

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,  
 Nor would their happiness delay ;  
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss shall prove,  
 To-morrow be their wedding day.

When, as at eve, beside the brook,  
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and  
 in I'd,  
 One luckless lamb the current took,  
 'Twas Kosalie's---the started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save ;  
 Too fatally the youth obey'd :  
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,  
 To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides it to the shore,  
 When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies :  
 Ah ! Kosalie, for ever more,  
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank---Oh ! still be seen,  
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;  
 And with sad wreaths of cypress green,  
 For ever sooth thy Lubin shade.

SONG

## S O N G    LXIII.

Sung by Mr. Wilfon, in Harlequin Teague.

**S**ILENCE ! take notice, you are my son,  
 Full on your father look, Sir,  
 This is an oath you may take as you run,  
 So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.  
 Hornaby, Hornaby, Highgate and Horns,  
 And money by hook or by crook, Sir,  
 Chorus. Hornaby, &c.

Spend not with cheaters or cozeners your life,  
 Nor waste it on profligate beauty ;  
 And when you are married, be kind to your  
     wife,  
 And true to all petticoat duty !  
 Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,  
 And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.  
 Dutiful, &c.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,  
 You never must hold to be right, Sir ;  
 Nor, unless 'tis your taste to drink small for  
     strong beer,  
 Or eat brown bread when you can get white,  
     Sir.

Mannikin, cannikin good meat and drink,  
 Are pleasant at morn, noon and night, Sir.  
 Mannikin, &c.

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,  
 A gentleman ought to be loth, Sir ;  
 But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind,  
 Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, Sir.

Kiss

Kiss away, both you may, sweetly snack night  
and day,

If you like it, you're bound by your oath, Sir,  
Kiss away, &c.

When you travel to Highgate, take this oath  
again,

And again like a sound man and true, Sir,  
And if you have with you some more merry  
men,

Be sure you make them take it too, Sir.

Bless you, son, get you gone, frolick and fun,

Old England, and honest true blue, Sir,

Bless you, &c.

# SONG LXIV.

## The Wish.

**G**RANT me, ye Gods, some calm retreat,  
Where I may pass my days ;  
Free from the low mean follies of the great ;  
Free from the vulgar's envious hate,  
And careless of their praise.

Bless'd with one faithful female friend,

There let my time slide on ;

And when my ev'ning sun shall downwards  
tend,

When fleeting life is at an end,

I'll quietly be gone.

*Band n* SONG



## SONG LXV.

Sung by Mrs. Wells, by way of Epilogue, to  
the IRISH WIDOW.

**A** WIDOW, bewitch'd with her passion,  
Tho' Irish, is now quite ashamed  
To think that she's so out of fashion  
To marry, and then to be tamed.

'Tis Love, the dear joy,  
That old fashion'd boy,  
Has got in my breast with his quiver;  
The blind urchin, he  
Struck the *Cush la maw cree*,  
And a husband secures me for ever.

Ye fair ones, I hope will excuse me,  
Tho' vulgar, pray do not abuse me;  
I cannot become a fine Lady,  
Oh! Love has bewitch'd Widow Brady,

Ye Critics, to murder so willing,  
Pray see all our errors with blindness;  
For once change your method of killing,  
And kill a poor Widow with kindness.

If you look so severe,  
In a fit of despair,  
Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs:  
You know I've the art  
To be twice thro' your heart

Before I can make you to feel, Sirs:  
Brother soldiers, I hope you'll protect me,  
Nor let cruel Critics dissect me,  
To favour my cause be but ready,  
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

Ye

Ye leaders of dress and the fashions,  
 Who gallop post haste to your ruin ;  
 Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,  
 Pray what do you think of my wooing ?

You call it damn low,  
 Your heads and arms so,  
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy ;---  
 But pray what can you,  
 That I cannot do ?

Oh ! fie, my dear craters, be azy.  
 Ye Patriots and Courtiers so hearty  
 To speech it and vote for your party,  
 For once be both constant and steady,  
 And vote to support Widow Brady.

To all that I see now before me,  
 The bottom, the top, and the middle ;  
 For music we now must implore you ;  
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle.

If all are in tune,  
 Pray let it be soon,  
 My heart in my bosom is prancing ;  
 If your hands shou. unite  
 To give us delight,

Oh ! that's the best piping and dancing.  
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure,  
 Your smiles are a dow'r for a Lady :  
 Oh ! joy to you all in full measure !  
 So wishes and prays Widow Brady.

SONG

## S O N G LXVI.

By Miss Dowson, as Fortune, in the Palace of  
Mirth, at Sadler's Wells.

**S**UPPOSE to a ninny much riches I grant,  
'Tis only to balance for sense he may want;  
And if the world will be attracted by show,  
The fault must be their's---not Dame For-  
tune's, you know.

Admit that great titles have crown'd venal slaves,  
That stars have been plac'd on the bosoms of  
knaves,

Distinctions like these, without merit to win,  
Shew plainer by contrast the darkness within.

Some females of merit, which ought to engage,  
Have languish'd in vain for a gay equipage :  
But, trust me, ye fair, 'tis deceitful to fix  
True bliss in a chariot, tho' gee ho'd by six.

The truth is, my favours are then only good,  
When rightly deserv'd, and when well under-  
stood ;

Let all then who wish my indulgences, hear :  
'Tis virtue and judgment alone make them dear.

## S O N G LXVII.

Sung by Mr. Kear, as Bacchus, in the same.

**B**EHOLD the god Bacchus,  
Oft' mention'd by Flaccus,  
To Mortals affords good advice ;  
I'll grant store of claret,  
Then drink and ne'er spare it,  
'Twill balm ev'ry care in a trice.

Deep

Deep draughts of Canary  
Will make us all merry,

While beauty in vain rolls her eye ;  
No more she can vex,  
We'll love the whole sex,  
But ne'er for one female will sigh.

If grief should assail us,  
Philosophy fail us,

Sure comfort is found in good wine ;  
If the heart feels a wound,  
No cure can be found,  
No doctor like juice of the vine.

# SONG LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, as Momus, in the same.

**E**ACH mortal tasting first of breath,  
Is heard to wail and cry ;  
Sorrow to me is worse than death,  
I'll never grieve, not I ;  
But laugh at dull spleen and defy her worst dart,  
While one ha, ha, ha, I can find in my heart.

The learned, brave, the rich and wise,  
By turns experience care ;  
While I the wrinkled hag despise,  
And all her venom dare.  
I'll laugh at dull spleen, and defy her worst dart,  
While one ha, ha, ha, I can find in my heart.

## S O N G LXIX.

Drinking Song, in the Devil to Pay.

**C**OME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
 Crown this night with pleasure;  
 Let none at cares of life repine,  
 To destroy our pleasure.  
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
 May drink and sing without controul,  
 To support our pleasure.  
 Thus, mighty Bacchus shalt thou be  
 Guardian to our pleasure;  
 That under thy protection we  
 May enjoy new pleasure.  
 And as the hours glide away,  
 We'll, in thy name, invoke thy stay,  
 And sing thy praises that we may  
 Live and die with pleasure.

## S O N G LXX.

By Mr. Mattocks, in the Devil to Pay.

**O**F the states in life so various,  
 Marriage sure is most precarious:  
 'Tis a maze so strangely winding,  
 Still we are new mazes finding;  
 'Tis an action so severe,  
 That nought but death can set us clear.  
 Happy's the man from wedlock free,  
 Who knows to prize his liberty:  
     Were men wary  
     How they marry,  
 We should not be by half so full of misery.

S O N G



## S O N G LXXI.

By Mr. Bannister, in Lethe.

**Y**E mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,  
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex.  
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,  
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd  
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd;

Obey then the summons to Lethe repair,  
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants  
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;  
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,  
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day;

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

## S O N G LXXII.

**T**HE busy crew their sails unbending,  
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;  
 Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,  
 Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,  
 Tight fore and aft', above, below ;  
 Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
 And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,  
 He flew like light'ning to the side ;  
 Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,  
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd  
 From her neat made hat of straw ;  
 Red was her cheek when first she utter'd,  
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,  
 While, secure from all alarms,  
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,  
 They dart into each others arms.

### S O N G LXXIII.

By Mr. Mattocks, in Poor Vulcan.

**T**HE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
 I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my  
 groom ;  
 Wil. Whistle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,  
 Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the  
 grounds ;  
 The horses were saddl'd, fleet Dapple and Grey,  
 Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark  
 away !

It

It was now by the clock about four in the morn,  
And we all gallopp'd off to the found of the  
horn,

Dick Garter, Wil. Babble, and Tom at the goose,  
When all on a sudden out starts Mistress Puss ;  
Men, horses and dogs not a moment would stay,  
And Echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away !

The chace was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd, again and  
again ;

'Till at length she took cover, return'd out of  
breath,

And I and Wil. Whistle were in at the death :  
There in triumph of joy I the hare did display,  
And I call'd to the horns, my boys, Hark,  
hark away !

# SONG LXXIV.

By Mr. Mattocks, in the Merchant of Venice.

**T**O keep my gentle Jesse,  
What labour would seem hard ?  
Each toilsome task how easy !  
Her love the sweet reward.

The Bee thus, uncomplaining,  
Esteems no toil severe ;  
The sweet reward obtaining,  
Of honey all the year.

## SONG LXXV.

By Mr. Edwin (Jobson) in the Devil to Pay.

**L**ET matters of state  
Disquiet the great,  
The cobbler has nought to perplex him :  
Has nought but his wife  
To ruffle his life,  
And her he can strap, if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r  
Of fortune, that whore,  
Since low as can be, she has thrust him ;  
From duns he's secure,  
For being so poor,  
There's none to be found that will trust him.

## D U E T.

Amoret and Phillis.

## A M O R E T.

**S**WEET Phillis well met, the sun is just set,  
To yon myrtle grove let's repair ;  
All Nature's at rest, and none to molest,  
I have something to say to you there.

## P H I L L I S.

No, no, subtle swain, intreaties are vain,  
Persuade me to go you ne'er shall ;  
Night draws on apace, I must quit the place,  
The dew is beginning to fall.

A M O R E T.

## A M O R E T.

Believe me, coy maid, by honour I'm sway'd,  
 No fears need your bosom alarm;  
 The oak and the pine their leaves kindly join,  
 To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

## P H I L L I S.

Your arts I despise, my virtue I prize,  
 Tho' poor, I am richer than those  
 Who, lost to all shame, will barter their fame  
 For purchase of gold and fine clothes.

## A M O R E T.

You do me much wrong, such thoughts n'er  
 belong  
 To the noble and generous breast;  
 I meant but to know if my Phillis would go,  
 And let Hymen make Amoret blest.

## P H I L L I S.

If what you now say your heart don't betray,  
 It gives me much pleasure to find  
 My Amoret still a stranger to ill,  
 And to wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

## D U E T.

With joy I'll comply, the dear nuptial tye  
 To-morrow both hearts shall unite;  
 Ye lovers so true, let virtue in you  
 The same inclinations excite.

SONG



## S O N G LXXVI.

By Mrs. Kennedy, in the Crier of Vauxhall.

**S**HOULD the rude hand of care wound my  
partner in life,

He always shall find his best friend in his wife ;  
In the midst of his woes, if on me he'll recline,  
His sorrows, his anguish, his tears shall be mine.

If cheerfulness prompts him to mirthful employ,  
My invention shall seem to enliven his joy ;  
When the light footed hours all with gaiety shine  
His pleasures, his transports, his smiles shall  
be mine.

The wife, 'tis agreed, best her station adorns,  
When spreading life's roses, and blunting its  
thorns ;

Thus I'll strive to select its most valuable flow'rs,  
And their fragrance, their beauties, their bloom  
shall be ours.

## D U E T.

By Eliza and Greville, in the Fitch of Bacon.

Duet. **T**HO' fortune cloud hope's friendly  
ray,

That beams our guardian light,  
Our constancy shall cheer the day,  
Our love the longest night.

Eliza. By thee belov'd,

Grev. While blest'd with thee,

Duet. Stern fate may frown in vain ;

Content and sweet simplicity

Shall take us in their train.

S O N G.

## SONG LXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble, in the Winter's Tale.

**C**OME, come my good shepherds, our flocks  
we have sheer'd,

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear;  
The happiest of folks are the gaily and free,  
And who are so happy, so gaily as we.

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,  
We practice no art with hypocrisy fraught;  
What we think in our hearts you may read in  
our eyes,  
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,  
But we all the children of Nature are bred;  
By our own hands alone are we painted and drest,  
The roses will bloom when there's peace in  
the breast.

That giant, Ambition, we never need dread,  
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;  
Content and sweet chearfulness open the door,  
We smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,  
Like the flocks that we feed, and the passions  
we feel;  
Quite harmless and simple, we sport and we  
play,  
And leave the fine folks to deceive and betray.

SONG

## S O N G LXXVIII.

By Mrs. Bannister, in Cymon.

**T**HIS cold flinty heart it is you who have  
warm'd,  
You waken'd my passion, my senses have  
charm'd;  
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove;  
What's life without passion---sweet passion of  
love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot  
blow;  
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can  
flow,  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove;  
What's life without passion---sweet passion of  
love?

The spring should be warm, the young season  
be gay,  
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome  
sweet May:  
Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the  
grove;  
What's life without passion---sweet passion of  
love?

## S O N G LXXIX.

My Inducement to Constancy.

**T**IS not that I am more sincere,  
Or am less apt to rove,  
That I a heart so constant bear,  
So faithful in its Love.

Know

Know, Chloe, that like all my sex,  
 From Fair to Fair I'd range,  
 Were it not more my interest  
 Still to love on than change.

All charms which others recommend,  
 In thee alone I find,  
 Beauty and Temper justly blend,  
 The handsome and the kind.

Why should I then inconstant prove,  
 Or other nymphs pursue,  
 Since thou giv'st all that I cou'd love,  
 'Tis Prudence to be true.

# SONG LXXX.

To my Friend.

**Y**OU ask what charm in NANCY's face,  
 This foolish heart has stole :  
 Or can I name one striking grace—  
 Not I, upon my soul ;  
 But there's a certain something there  
 This bosom must adore :  
 A something not exactly fair,  
 And yet extremely more.

A finer face, perhaps, may try,  
 A greater share of art :  
 And yet can only touch the eye,  
 But never strike the heart,

Let's

Know

Less native force experience fees,  
 Attends a fairer form;  
 For that can only hope to please;  
 But never think to charm.

But say my passion is misplac'd,  
 I live for her alone:  
 And which must I, consult your taste,  
 Or gratify my own:  
 Our friendship, if you kindly cease,  
 Your silence best secures:  
 Nor think I can destroy my peace,  
 To please a whim of your's.

## S O N G LXXXI.

The Madrigal.

**F**OR me, my fair a wreath has wove,  
 Where rival flowers in union meet;  
 As oft' she kiss'd the gift of love;  
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A Bee within a damask rose  
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;  
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,  
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of Spring,  
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
 Th'ungrateful spoiler left his sting,  
 And with the honey fled away.

S O N G



## SONG LXXXII.

By Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall. 1781.

**T**HEN here's to thee, Tom, and now here's  
to thee Will,

Since we're met, let us sing, and let's merrily  
quaff;

The bottle and bowl shan't a moment stand still,  
Who knows when again we thus gaily may  
laugh?

This day is our own, be the day without sorrow,  
For life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Whate'er you intend, or to do, or to say,

Make sure of the present, and all will go right;

For he who has liv'd as he ought, the whole day,

May sleep with content on his pillow at night.

Make sure of to-day, that the next mayn't be  
sorrow,

For life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Ye lovers who're young, and more so, who  
are old,

Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind;

For love has got wings, and your girls may  
be cold;

If to-day you can't get them to be of your mind.

If you lose but an hour, it may be to your sorrow,

Love and life, my brave boys, may be over to-  
morrow.

Then trust not to-morrow, tomorrow's not  
here,

To-day is the season for business or play;

Who have not lost their time, can have no-  
thing to fear,

Who thinks of to-morrow is losing to-day.

Now, now is our own, nor of time let us borrow,

Let us live as if life should be over to-morrow.

## SONG LXXXIII.

By Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

**A** SOLDIER I am for a Lady,  
 What beau was e'er arm'd compleater;  
 When face to face,  
 Her chamber the place,  
 I'm able and willing to meet her.

Gad's curse, my dear lassies, I'm ready  
 To give you all satisfaction;  
 I am the man,  
 In the crack of your fan,  
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Your bobbins may beat up a row, dow, dow,  
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow, wow, wow;  
 The challenge in love,  
 I take up the glove,  
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

GLEE. FINALE. To the same.

**S**OCIAL pow'rs, at Pleasure's call,  
 Welcome here to Hymen's hall;  
 Bacchus—Ceres, bless the feast,  
 Momus lend the sprightly jest;  
 Songs of joy elate the soul,  
 Hebe, fill the flowing bowl;  
 Ev'ry pure and chaste delight  
 Crown with love this happy night.

SONG

## SONG LXXXIV.

By Mr. Bannister, in Rosina.

**W**ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,  
 How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!  
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,  
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay.  
 But now no more I touch the lyre,  
 No more the rustic sports can please;  
 I live the slave of fond desire,  
 Lost to myself to mirth and ease.  
 The tree that in a happier hour,  
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain;  
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,  
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

## SONG LXXXV.

By Mrs. Kennedy, in Rosina.

**W**HEN bidden to the wake or fair,  
 The joy of each free-hearted swain;  
 Till Phoebe promis'd to be there,  
 I loiter'd last of all the train.  
 If chance some fairing caught her eye,  
 The ribband gay, or silken glove;  
 With eager haste I ran to buy,  
 For what is gold, compar'd with love?  
 My posy on her bosom plac'd,  
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!  
 Her auburn locks my ribband grac'd,  
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.  
 With scorn she hears me now complain,  
 Nor can my rustic presents move;  
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

## D U E T.

By Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr, as  
William and Phoebe, in *Roëna*.

Will. I'VE kiss'd and I've prattl'd to fifty  
fair maids,

And chang'd 'em as oft, d'ye see ;  
I've kiss'd, &c.

But of all the fair maidens that dance  
on the green,

The Maid of the Mill for me,  
The Maid, &c.

Phoe. There's fifty young men have told me  
fine tales,

And call'd me the fairest she ;  
There's, &c.

But of all the gay wrestlers that sport  
on the green,

Young Harry's the lad for me,  
Young, &c.

Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the  
hedge,

Her face like the blossoms in May ;  
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn  
flock,

Her breath like the new-made hay,  
Her eyes, &c.

Phoe. He's tall and he's stait as the poplar-tree,  
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;

He looks like a squire of high degree,  
When drest in his Sunday clothes.

He's tall, &c.

Will. I've kiss'd, &c. }

Phoe. There's fifty, &c. } repeated together.

D U E T.

## D U E T.

William and Phoebe, in Rosina.

WILL. **I**N gaudy courts, with aching hearts,  
The great at fortune rail,  
The hills may higher honours claim,  
But peace is in the vale.

PHOE. See high-born dames in beds of state,  
With midnight revels pale;  
No youth admires their fading charms,  
For beauty's in the vale.

Duet. Amid the shades the virgin sighs  
Add fragrance to the gale;  
So they that will may take the hill,  
Since love is in the vale.

## S O N G LXXXVI.

By Mr. Bannister, in Rosina.

**H**OW blest, my fair, who on thy face,  
Uncheck'd by fear may fondly gaze;  
Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,  
Beholds no anger in thine eye.

Ah, then, what joy awaits the swain.  
Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;  
Whose voice, with rapture all divine,  
Secure may say, "This heart is mine."



# A NEW MUSICAL MEDLEY,

BY THE EDITOR.

---

**W**HILST, happy in my native Land,  
I boast my Country's Charter,  
I'll never basely lend my Hand  
To———  
The Foes of Old England, France, Holland  
and Spain :  
Made bold by indulgence,———  
Our Tars shall show  
The haughty Foe;  
Britannia rules the Main ;———  
Then why the plague should we be sad,  
Whilst———  
By the gaily circling Glass  
We can see how Minutes pass ;  
By.———  
Amo, amas, I lov'd a Lase,  
As a Cedar tall and slender,———  
Her Eyes are as black as the Sloe in the Hedge,  
Her Face like the Blossoms in May ;  
Her Teeth are as———  
Dear Sir, this brown Jug, that now foams  
with mild Ale,  
Out of which I now drink to———  
—A Daughter you have, she's the Plague of  
your Life,

No

EY,  
No Peace shall you know, tho' you've buried  
your Wife;

For at twenty,——

Lud! what care I for Mam or Dad?

Let them scold and bellow,——

Since Love is the Plan,

I'll love if I can,

Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a Man——

A gay flashy Lord is a waundy fine sight,

Who is ne'er to be seen but with——

An old Woman cloathed in grey,

Whose Daughter was charming and young,

And she was deluded away

By——

—— Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,——

His Rigging, no one dare attack it,

Tight fore and aft, above, below,

Long-quarter'd Shoes, check Shirt,——

A Bumper of good Liquor,

Will end the Contest quicker

Than——

The wealthy Fool, with Gold in store,

Will——

Push about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven our

Hearts——

Friendship, with thy Power divine,

Brighten all our Features——

When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,

How sweet is the Sound of——

O the Days when I was young!

When I laugh'd in Fortune's spite;

Talk'd of——

—— Woman that seduces all Mankind;

By

No

By her we first were taught the wheedling Art,  
 Her very Eyes can cheat ———  
 Cimon, a Clown who never dreamt of Love,  
 By chance was stumping to a neighbouring Grove,  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went ———  
 How sweet in the Woodlands, with sweet Hound  
 and Horn,

To ———  
 ——— Rouse from your Trances !  
 The fly Morn advances,  
 To catch sleeping Mortals in ———  
 Water parted from the Sea, ———  
 By the side of a Rock when the river was dry,  
 I sat myself down ———  
 On board of a Man of War, ———  
 The Portals shiver in the Wind,  
 The Ship she casts to Sea,  
 But ———

Tho' I sweep 'round and 'round,  
 Yet I'd have you to know ———  
 Alike to Hope and Fear a Stranger,  
 To me the Battle that I go,  
 There, exposed to every danger,  
 Malbro' is to me War gone ———  
 Tho' none is such of Englishmen,  
 Who think abroad to roam,  
 Among Mankind will never find  
 A friend sincere, and Beauty kind,  
 A friend sincere, &c.

F I N I S.



Art

one

157

158

ound

103